

THRILLING SCIENCE-FICTION COMICS!

AMAZING ADVENTURES

AMAZING

INC.

ADVENTURES

NO. 2 10c



EARTH FEMALE

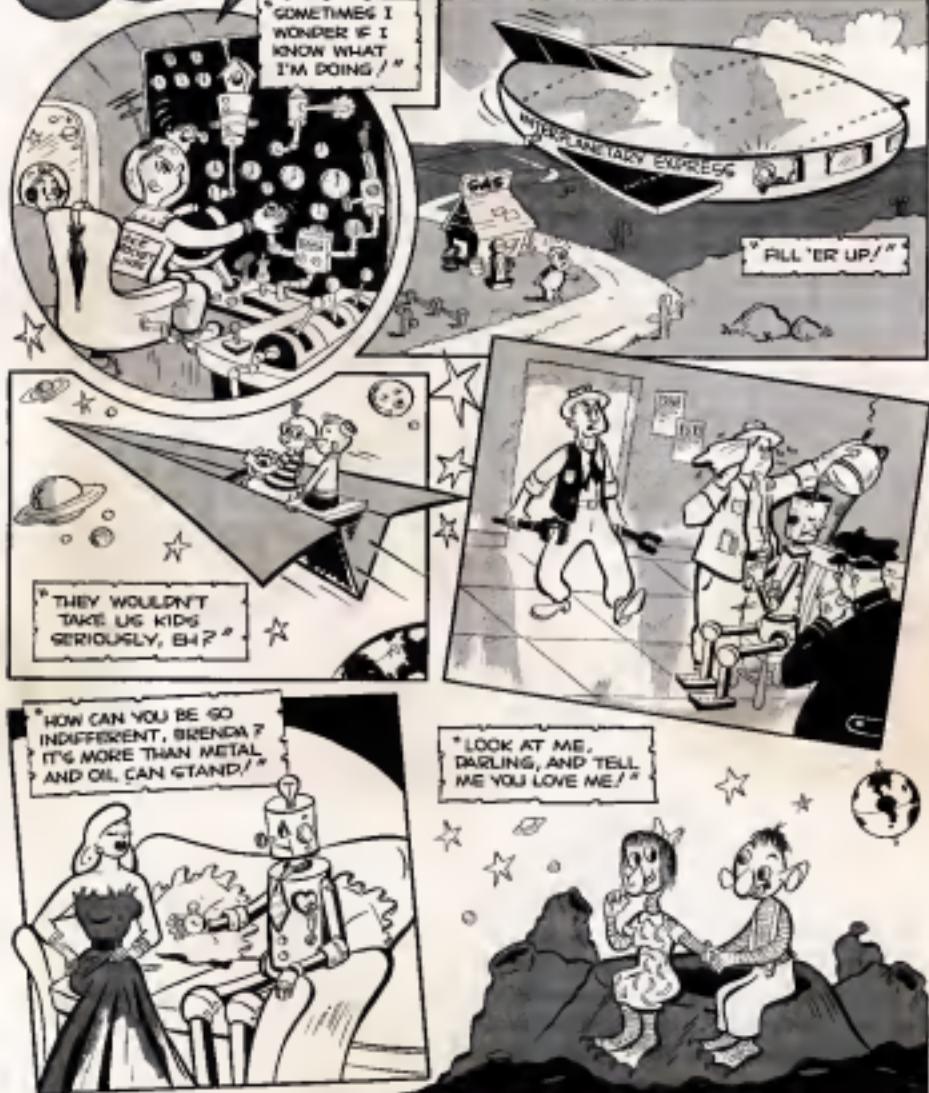
EARTH MALE



EXHIBIT ONE
*
WEDDING GIFT

Monsters of
LIVING FLAME

COSMIC COMICS



CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1958 BY
EIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

AMAZING ADVENTURES, No. 2, published bi-monthly by Eiff-Davis Publishing Co., 125 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. William B. Eiff, Chairman of the Board; B. G. Davis, President; Vice-Presidents—Michael H. Friedman, Director, Eastern Division; H. J. Morganroth, Production Director; Lynn Phillips, Jr., Advertising Director; H. G. Strange, Circulation Director; A. T. Pullen, Secretary-Treasurer; Herman R. Boller, Art Director; Executive and Editorial Office, 125 N. Wabash Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Jerry Stahl, Director, Comics Division; Single copies, 50c. Application for second class entry pending at Post Office, Chicago, Ill. Subscription rates: In the U. S., Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions \$1.00 for 12 issues; in all other countries \$1.50 for 12 issues. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 125 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

MONSTERS OF LIVING FLAME!



FAR IN THE DEPTHS OF INTERPLANETARY SPACE, JON HALJAH AND HIS COMPANIONS SEARCH THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE FIRE PLANET FOR PRECIOUS URANIUM-X WHICH THE UNITED STATES SO DESPERATELY NEEDS FOR ITS ATOMIC BOMBS! BUT THOUGH THEY DO NOT KNOW IT, TREACHEROUS MURDERERS STALK AT THAT SITE, AND THE FATE OF AMERICA IS AT STAKE AS THEY BATTLE THE GRISLY...

**MONSTERS
OF
LIVING FLAME!**

JON HALJAH, PILOT OF AN EARTH-MOON MAILSHIP, IS ON VACATION IN GREAT-NEW YORK WHEN HE RECEIVES A STARTLING MESSAGE!...

THIS IS PROFESSOR GRANT WHY-WHY OF THE MT. WHITNEY ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY! FLY HERE AT ONCE, HALJAH! IT'S A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE!



I CANNOT EXPLAIN ON THIS PUBLIC WAVE! USE EVERY PRECAUTION FOR SECRECY!

I'LL COME AT ONCE, PROFESSOR!



AT THE OBSERVATORY, HALJAN MEETS TWO OLD FRIENDS, FREDDIE BLAKE AND HIS SISTER LINDA, BOTH GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS!

FREDDIE, LINDA...? WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING HERE?

WE'RE AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE, JON!

EVIDENTLY THE PROFESSOR WANTS TO SEE ALL THREE OF US!

AS YOU KNOW, THE NEWLY DISCOVERED ELEMENT, URANIUM-X, IS EXTREMELY FISSIONABLE--IDEAL FOR ATOMIC BOMBS! ENEMY GOVERNMENTS KNOW IT, TOO! THEY HAVE A LITTLE OF IT, AND SO HAVE WE!

MEMPHIS HOW THIS CONCERN US?



URANIUM-X EXISTS IN ALMOST PURE STATE ON THE PLANET VULCAN. THE SPECTROGRAPHS SHOW IT! WE ARE SURE OF IT NOW! I'VE SENT FOR YOU THREE--WELL, BECAUSE AMERICA DESPERATELY NEEDS THAT URANIUM-X!



VULCAN, THE FIRE PLANET! NO SPACE-SHIP HAS EVER BEEN THERE!



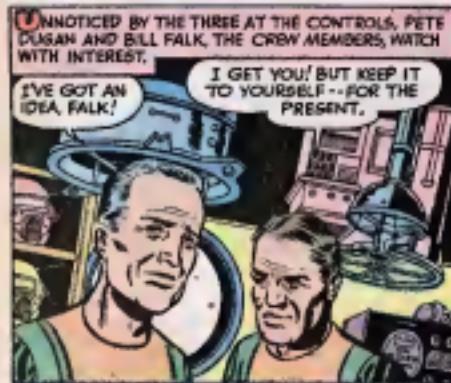














EXHIBIT ONE!!



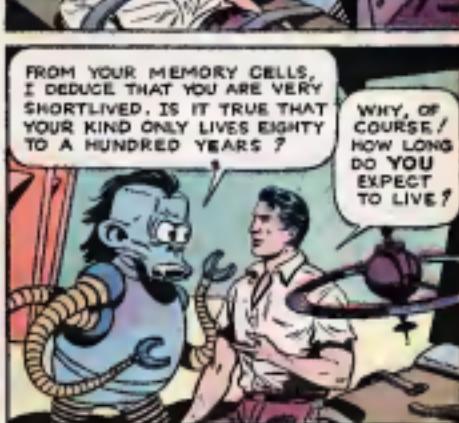
He came from a planet so far from the Earth that the light from his sun took thousands of years to reach us! He had a job to do --- which was to collect specimens of all forms of life, on a 200 ship. He selected a man and a woman, and set his gravity beams to trap them, but an Earthman and an Earthwoman do not take kindly to being made ...

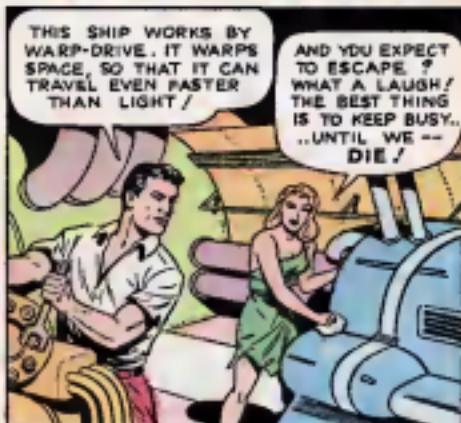
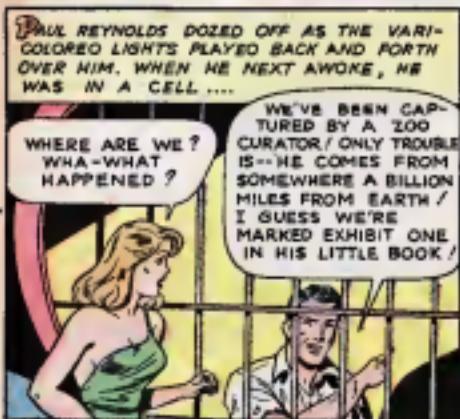
"EXHIBIT ONE"

THE GREEN BEAM CAME DOWN FROM THE SKY IN FULL DAYLIGHT AND SINGLED OUT PAUL REYNOLDS, A REPORTER ON HIS WAY TO THE COURIER, HIS NEWSPAPER ---

IT'S COLD... ALMOST FREEZING! AND IT'S GOING RIGHT THROUGH ME... AS IF I WERE A SPONGE, ABSORBING THAT GREEN LIGHT ...







IN THE MONTHS AND THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, PAUL AND LOLA LEARNED TO ACCEPT THEIR FATE WITH RESIGNATION. IN A WAY, THEY WERE STRANGELY FORTUNATE, FOR THEY WERE THE FIRST MAN AND WOMAN EVER TO SET FOOT ON ANOTHER PLANET. . . .

PAUL, THIS LIFE ISN'T
SO BAD -- BUT I'M
HOMESICK / IS THERE
ANY CHANCE AT ALL
-- OF ESCAPING ?

THROW THE NET!
THE JALAFUR IS
STARTING TO FLY!

WE'LL GET HIM,
PAUL! LOOK - HE'S
HITTING THE NET!

SITH TAL DOES NOT SUSPECT US OF EVEN THINKING OF ESCAPE. THATS THE FIRST THING HE HAD TO DO. LULL HIS SUSPICIONS / NOW WE CAN ACTIVELY START PLANNING ...

I'LL TAKE CANNED
FOOD FROM THE
STORAGE BINS. I'LL
HIDE THEM IN THE
HAYSTACKS THAT
FEED THE HERBIVOROUS
ANIMALS!

IM DOING ALL I CAN,
STUDYING THE CHARTS
AND FILM-BOOKS THAT
EXPLAIN THE WORKINGS
OF THE SPACE LIFE-
BOATS / IF WE CAN
STEAL ONE OF THOSE
WE HAVE A CHANCE /

12 BUT IT WAS SLOW WORK. LOLA COULD NOT TAKE MANY FOOD TINS AT ONCE, AND PAUL HAD TO LEARN SITH TAL'S LANGUAGE TO UNDERSTAND THE FILM-BOOKS ...

THE MOTORS WORK BY ATOMIC POWER! I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT. NOW I HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO REPAIR ONE OF THEM IN CASE IT BREAKS! CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS A THING!"

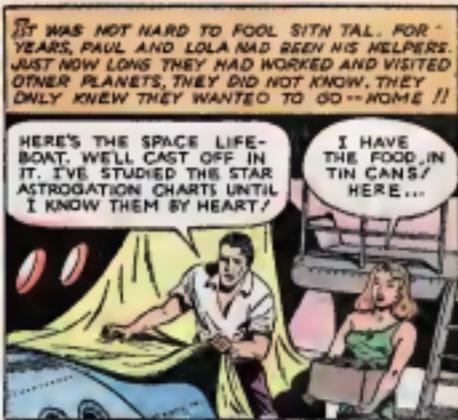
IF THERE IS ANY LIFE
ON THIS PLANET, IT
MUST BE MIGHTY LOW
IN THE EVOLUTIONARY
SCALE!

WELL, WE
HAVE TO
EXPLORE IT.
THAT'S OUR
JOB!

CRUSTACEAN LIFE /
HARD-SHELLLED CREATURES /
YOU'D THINK THERE'D BE
SEAS NEARBY. BUT I
GUESS THIS MIST, THAT
SEEMS ALMOST LIKE
CONSTANT RAIN, IS
JUST AS GOOD.

SEAS! JUNGLES!
DESERTS! I --
I'M SICK OF ALL
OF THEM. IF
ONLY I COULD
SEE THE EARTH
... JUST ONCE
MORE!

OTH PAUL AND LOLA HAD THEIR TASKS TO
PERFORM, ON THE PLANETS WHERE SITH TAL
LANDED HIS GREAT SPACESHIP....



SWIFTLY THE LITTLE ROCKETSHIP BLASTED A PATH ACROSS THE STAR-LADEN LANES OF SPACE. AND AT LONG LAST, ON A WARM SPRING DAY...

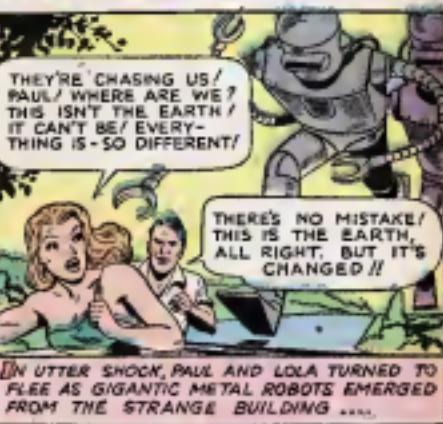
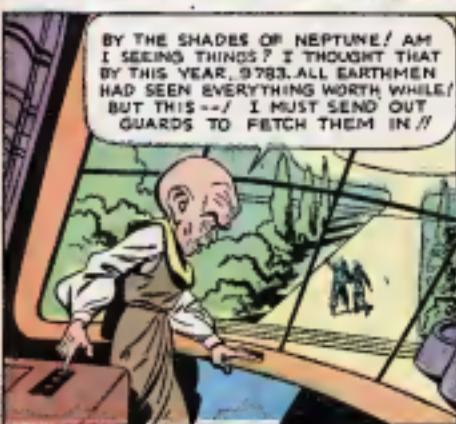
HOME! WE'RE HOME!

I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D MAKE IT. AT LAST! OH, BOY! SMELL THAT AIR! GOOD OLD EARTH!!

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SHAPED JUST LIKE THAT! MY GOODNESS, WHAT IS IT?



BY THE SHADES OF NEPTUNE! AM I SEEING THINGS? I THOUGHT THAT BY THIS YEAR, 3783, ALL EARTH MEN HAD SEEN EVERYTHING WORTH WHILE! BUT THIS -- I MUST SEND OUT GUARDS TO FETCH THEM IN!!



IN UTTER SHOCK, PAUL AND LOLA TURNED TO FLEE AS GIGANTIC METAL ROBOTS EMERGED FROM THE STRANGE BUILDING ...

IT DID NOT TAKE LONG FOR THE ROBOTS TO OVERTAKE THEM. SOON... PAUL AND LOLA ARE STRETCHED OUT ON TWIN TABLETOPS ...



MOST AMAZING! THESE CREATURES ARE ALMOST TEN THOUSAND YEARS OLD!



PAUL! PAUL! WHERE ARE WE?

WE FORGOT THAT SITH TAL MADE US ALMOST IMMORTAL! WE'VE BEEN GONE FOR CENTURIES! EARTH HAS CHANGED, ADVANCED IN EVOLUTION! TO THESE FUTURISTIC EARTH PEOPLE, WE'RE AS STRANGE AS A WILD MAN FROM BORNEO WOULD BE TO US, BACK IN 1950. LOLA - WE'VE ESCAPED FROM ONE ZOO--ONLY TO LAND IN ANOTHER!!!

THE WARNING!

"No, I'm not crazy. I tell you, I've been flying like a bird for the past two months, complete with wings and feathers. I've got to see the President. Why? You should know. You're the secretary to the President of the United States, and certainly if I can prove to him that the Martians are not only planning to attack Earth, but that they have the power and ability to do it successfully, it's your job to get me in to see him. I don't care to whom he's talking, Mr. Secretary. This is more important.

"All right, I'll try to be calm. But I can't guarantee it. Every second counts. Look, here's my identification. Peter Farr, Lieutenant-Colonel, United States Jet Fighter Forces, born in New-Washington-on-the-Potomac, September 19, 2023. That makes me just twenty-seven years old. I'm six feet, two; weigh 190 stripped; my latest G. C. T. score was 145; I've been checked and re-checked by the Base doctors, and they can't find even a trace of anything wrong with my mind.

"The whole thing started just two months ago, a week after Bela Baesi, the Hungarian dictator, finally surrendered to the Allies. I had been ordered to make an aerial reconnaissance of the Budapest area, and my single-seater jet was fixed up with wide-angle lenses on the cameras which had replaced the rocket-gun turrets.

"I was flying a souped-up job which I had worked on myself so that I could test the new anti-gravity suits which we had just been issued, and after I had all the pictures I wanted, I decided to play around for a little while. I took my ship up to four miles, where I wouldn't be bothered with traffic, and, I really let her out. She was a beauty, all right. Handled like a sweetheart. In the first power dive, I had her up to Mach 1.8.

"I pulled out of my dive and headed upstairs again. This time I wanted to get higher, so I could see what she would do as the air got thinner. I was 'way above the clouds, so there was nothing to see but space. And then it happened. One second the sky was completely empty. And the next second there had materialized before me a huge sphere with a gaping entrance hole at least a hundred yards across! Naturally, I tried to brake, or to pull to one side. But my controls were frozen tight. Don't ask me why or how. All I know is that I couldn't move them, with all my strength. And as I yanked helplessly on every lever on

the control board, a calm, detached voice rang in my ears. 'Don't try to maneuver your ship, Colonel,' it said. 'We have frozen your controls and your radio. Just sit quietly and you will be all right.'

"Well, a United States officer doesn't take orders like that, so I kept on yanking levers and pushing buttons. But nothing seemed to work. I shot right into the gaping entrance, there was a loud clang as the huge door slammed shut, and my ship came to a dead stop just as if I had rammed into a concrete wall. I have no idea why I didn't wind up smashed to atoms by the sudden deceleration, but I didn't. That's all I know. And please, wouldn't we save time if I could tell this story direct to the President? Then I wouldn't have to repeat it. Huh? Oh, all right.

"Outside my ship was the blackest darkness I've ever seen. The only light came from my instrument panel, and I watched the altimeter swing to its maximum height of twenty-five miles in a fraction of a second. From then on there was no actual movement, but I had a subconscious feeling of moving faster and higher than I had ever dreamed of going.

"After seven minutes by the control panel clock, this feeling of motion stopped, and light flooded in from behind me. It was an eerie, coppery-red light like nothing I had ever seen before. I started to reach for the door controls to get out of the plane, but the voice I had heard before came again. 'Just sit where you are, Colonel,' it said. 'We can move you faster than you can yourself.'

"I sat in the ship, which zoomed out of the entrance hole and shot me, so quickly that I couldn't see anything of the countryside, into a tremendous high-walled courtyard. There the plane stopped and the door opened. I got out.

"Half-a-dozen men, fine-looking specimens about six feet high, with reddish hair and blue eyes, surrounded me. They were perfectly normal-looking people by our standards, that is, until the leader of the group raised his arm and pointed to a doorway. Then, for the first time, I noticed that a tremendous wing was attached to the underside of his arm! When I moved ahead and he dropped his arm, the wing folded back out of sight, and became completely invisible. I continued walking in the direction he had indicated, surrounded by all six men, who were dressed in what looked like the old Marine Corps blue dress uniforms

of a century ago, except that the blouses were sleeveless.

"When I entered the building, the leader sat at a table and motioned me to sit opposite. He slipped a pair of earphones on his head and spoke into a cube-like microphone. I recognized the voice I had heard in the plane.

"Welcome to Mars, Colonel," he said. "Forgive us for any inconvenience you may have suffered, but we must be careful to select our visitors when they are alone, so that no word of our presence reaches Earth. We hope you will be comfortable here. And please forgive this clumsy apparatus. It is the only way I can speak in Martian and you in English, and we can have our words automatically translated."

"It took me a couple of seconds to digest this. Then I jumped to my feet, rushed out and looked around. I still couldn't be sure I was on Mars, but I knew for a dead certainty that I was no place on Earth!

"The Martian came to the door, still holding his mike. He handed me what looked like binoculars. 'Here,' he said. 'Try these. Earth is there,' he added, pointing to the sky. 'You will be able to see it clearly with these glasses.'

"I put the binoculars to my eyes and looked where he pointed. There, Earth was in sharp focus, and I could clearly make out the familiar outlines of North and South America! I was on Mars!

"The five other soldiers, who had surrounded me, gently herded me back into the room. There the Martian leader started talking again.

"Our plans are complete," he said. "We are set to move in on Earth and take over the planet. We have to do this in self-defense. We have no water, and Earth has plenty. We cannot grow plants in our sandy soil, and are slowly dying out because of synthetic foods. But this will not matter to you Earth people, for if you cooperate well, we shall set aside certain areas where you may continue to live."

"I blew higher than a kite. What this bird-like creature was proposing was that the Martians would take over Earth and permit us to live in reservations! He let me rave. It didn't upset him in the least. When I was finished, he merely said: 'You will cooperate, Colonel. You see, we have tortures far more refined and terrible than any you have ever heard of. We need Earth people to work with us. True, we have many Martians already on Earth, many in very high positions. But for psychological reasons, we want Earthmen to work with us as well.'

"The Martian turned away from the microphone and said something in a queer, bird-like trill. Instantly, the five soldiers grabbed me and carried me to a table in the rear of the room, where they strapped me down firmly. One of the soldiers pulled out of his pocket

a kind of measuring tape, laid it on the underside of my arms and trilled out some words. Another soldier walked to a closet and came back carrying a large pair of wings!

"I guess I must have screamed, because the leader, who was still sitting at the table, looked up at me. He picked up the microphone and spoke again. 'This won't hurt you, Colonel,' he said. 'Our surgery is far superior to anything on Earth. All we do is just pass a vibro-knife over your arm. This provides a slit in which wings are placed, so that you can fly the same as we. When you return to Earth, the wings will be removed. All that will remain is a thin scar which will be no more visible than a scratch. But when you come back to Mars, and your wings are again put against the scars, they will open and your wings will stay firmly fixed to your arms.'

"I don't know whether it was my rage or the fact that the Martians are skillful surgeons, but I didn't even feel the vibro-knife. All I know is that when I got up about five minutes later, each arm carried a full-sized wing!

"For the next two months I spent practically the whole day being taught to fly, solo and in formation. It was easy for me, a professional flyer. But I must admit that some of their attack formations are as far ahead of ours as our jet planes are ahead of the 20th century version!

"When the Martian leader called me in for a talk, I had my plans all ready. I pretended to be sold on the idea of cooperating, and agreed to come back to Earth so that I could lead advisee landing forces to their bases. They have a completely different time system on Mars, so I don't know exactly when they'll be coming. But I do know it'll be soon.

"The important thing is that I'm the only man on Earth who knows that they're planning to attack us, and the only man who knows how to stop the devices they have, which can paralyze all our motors just the way they stopped my engine dead. They think I'm here to help them. Evidently I did a good job, or they would never have let me come back to Earth. All the time I knew that if I ever did get back, I'd make a bee-line for the President of the United States, to let him know what's cooking. Can I get in to him now, please, Mr. Secretary?

"What's that? Identification marks on my arms, tattooed alongside the wing scars? No, they didn't do that to me. The only ones who have them are the leaders, and they carry them on their wrists. It's hard for me to describe the marks . . . but they look just . . . like . . . that! Just like the marks you have on your wrists!

"Good Lord! You're one of them! You're a Martian!"

THE END

WEDDING GIFT

ON JANUARY 1, 1999—JUST FOUR DAYS BEFORE HIS MARRIAGE—KEVITY STANDISH MADE THE FIRST JOURNEY INTO THE 6th DIMENSION! THIS IS THE STORY OF THAT AMAZING JOURNEY, AND OF THE GIFT HE BROUGHT BACK TO HIS BRIDE—A GIFT SO STRANGE AND OF SUCH MAGNITUDE AS TO MAKE IT THE MOST UNUSUAL WEDDING GIFT OF ALL TIME!

WHERE IT IS, MARCIA!...
SIMPLE LOOKING, ISN'T IT? JUST A BELT AND A HELMET—BUT THE CONTROLS ON THAT BELT CAN WHISK ME AWAY INTO THE 6th DIMENSION OF TIME!

NOT YOU, DARLING!
SOMEONE ELSE! YOU'VE ALREADY MADE A GREAT CONTRIBUTION AS ITS INVENTOR... LET SOMEONE ELSE RISK HIS LIFE, IN A TEST!

BUT THINK OF THE MARVEL OF THAT FIRST TRIP INTO THE 6th DIMENSION... HURTLING INTO THE TIME CURRENT... TO ANY PAST OR FUTURE ERA! YOU CAN'T ASK ME TO PASS UP THAT GREAT ADVENTURE!

I'VE GOT THE RIGHT, DEAR.
REMEMBER, WE ARE TO BE MARRIED IN FIVE DAYS!



I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN, DEAR, AND IT'S FOUR DAYS, NOT FIVE, BEFORE OUR MARRIAGE. TODAY IS THE FIRST OF JANUARY—ON THE FIFTH OF JANUARY, WE BECOME MAN AND WIFE!

SOMETIMES I THINK YOU FIND THIS TIME GADGET OF YOURS MORE EXCITING THAN OUR COMING MARRIAGE!



BOTH ARE EQUALLY EXCITING TO ME, MY DEAR! BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT I'M A SCIENTIST, AS WELL AS YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND!

KENITT, I'LL BE AWAY SETTING THE COUNTRY HOUSE IN ORDER FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, AND I WANT YOU TO SOLEMNLY PROMISE ME....



...THAT YOU WON'T ATTEMPT TO TRY THE TIME-BELT YOURSELF!! PLEASE, DARLING, PROMISE ME!

I'LL PROMISE YOU THAT NOTHING WILL KEEP ME FROM ATTENDING OUR WEDDING, FOUR DAYS FROM NOW!



I'LL BE BACK ON THE FIFTH, DARLING. I'LL MEET YOU HERE AT TEN O'CLOCK, AND WE'LL BOTH GO TO THE MARRIAGE MAGISTRATE TOGETHER. I'M TAKING NO CHANCES THAT YOU'LL FORGET TO BE THERE!

UNTIL THE FIFTH, DARLING! GOODBYE!



AFTER MARCIA LEAVES, THE YOUNG SCIENTIST REGARDS HIS CREATION WITH CONFLICTING EMOTIONS.

"—MY CREATION—MINE! WHOEVER MAKES THE FIRST JOURNEY INTO TIME WILL BE THE GREATEST OF ALL ADVENTURERS! I WANT THAT THRILL FOR MYSELF—BUT MARCIA IS DEAD-SET AGAINST IT....!"



"—MARCIA IS BEING UNFAIR. I'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO MAKE THAT FIRST FLIGHT! I'LL MAKE THE TIME AND BE BACK IN TIME FOR THE WEDDING!"



His eyes shining with the inward glow of the pioneer, standing on the threshold of a new era for mankind, Kevitt Standish adjusts the intricate belt and helmet; then, with trembling fingers, he presses the button that will project him into the unknown 64th dimension of time!



FLASHING COLOR, AND MOVEMENT—A KALEIDOSCOPE OF PICTURES AND SOUND—AN ALMOST UNBEARABLE WRENCHING OF SOUL AND BODY—AND KEVITT STANDISH IS WHIRLED AWAY INTO THE ETERNAL COSMOS!



AFTER AN ENDLESS TIME, KEVITT STANDISH RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...

A MOMENT AGO THIS CREATURE WAS NOT HERE!

SUDDENLY, HE APPEARS OUT OF NOTHINGNESS!

WHAT MANNER OF AMAZING BEINGS CAN HE BE?



THE OLD WRITINGS TELL OF "MIGHTY ONES"! HE MUST BE SUCH A ONE, COME TO OUR PLANET IN ITS GREATEST HOUR!!

LUU, YOU SPEAK WITH GREAT WISDOM—THIS IS UNDOUBTEDLY A "MIGHTY ONE"! I WILL SUMMON TANU, THE GREAT DARR!



STANDISH LOOKS UPON THESE WEIRD BEINGS WITH AMAZEMENT! THOUGH HE KNOWS THEY SPEAK A TONGUE DIFFERENT FROM ANY HE HAS HEARD, STILL, AS IN A FANTASTIC DREAM, HE UNDERSTANDS THEM, AND HE KNOWS THAT WHEN HE SPEAKS, HIS SPEECH WILL BE THE SAME AS THEIRS!

"SO THIS IS WHAT MAN WILL BECOME IN THE DISTANT FUTURE! DEFINITELY NOT AN IMPROVEMENT, PHYSICALLY, OVER THE OLD MODEL! I MUST FIND OUT WHAT YEAR THIS IS!—"

THE GREAT DARR WILL BE PLEASED! THE COMING OF THE "MIGHTY ONE" IS A GOOD OME—PROOF THAT OUR INTERPLANETARY MISSILE OF DEATH WILL BE SUCCESSFUL!



WHAT YEAR IS THIS, FRIEND— AND WHAT IS THIS MISSILE OF INTERPLANETARY DEATH YOU SPEAK OF?

THIS IS THE YEAR 5500 OF THE 3rd CYCLE! AS TO OUR MISSILE—OUR GREAT DARR, TANU, WILL TELL YOU OF THAT!

I AM TANU, "MIGHTY ONE"! WELCOME!







BEYOND THE GRAVITY PULL OF VENUS, THE MARS SHIP HURLETS WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED TOWARD THE DEAR RED PLANET!

THERE IS MARS AHEAD! IN A FEW MINUTES WE WILL BE WITHIN ITS ORBIT!

WE MUST SLOW THE SHIP AND HOVER BEYOND ITS FIELD OF ATTRACTION, OR THE SHIP MAY BE INJURED IN THE EXPLOSION! I WILL SHOW THE "MIGHTY ONE" HOW TO AIM THE MISSILE!

THE SHIP IS NOW HOVERING ABOVE MARS! WHEN THE PLANET ENTERS THE FIELD OF SIGHT, PULL THE LEVER! —I MUST NOT MISS WITH THE FIRST MISSILE— SO THAT THE SECOND REMAINS IN THE SHIP WHEN WE LEAVE!—

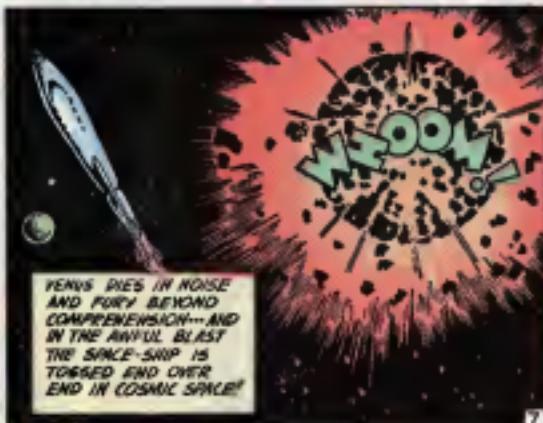


MARS SWINGS LIKE A RED GLOBE INTO THE FIELD OF THE BOMB SIGHT, AND WITH A MUTTERED PRAYER, STANDISH PULLS THE LEVER!



STANDISH RUSHES TO THE WINDOW AS THE BOMB AIRS! A WORLD EXPLODES BEFORE HIS EYES, AND VANISHES IN THE COSMIC DARKNESS!





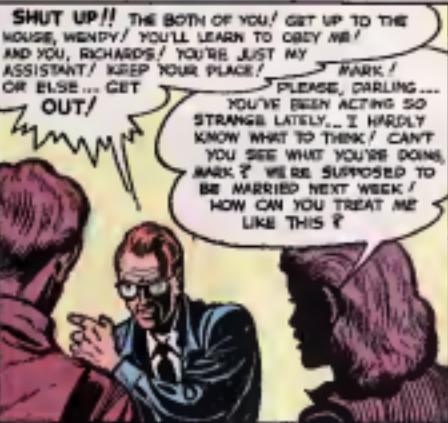


CAN MAN CREATE A MACHINE THAT THINKS? PERHAPS! AND, IF HE CAN, WILL HE BE ABLE TO CONTROL IT? OR WILL IT TURN ON ITS CREATOR? THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE MAN WHO TRIED... AND SUCCEEDED ONLY IN CREATING...

The STEEL MONSTER



IT IS NEARLY DAWN, ON AN ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF A GREAT RIVER... BUT MARK PINE, SCIENTIST, ASSISTED BY HIS FIANCÉ, WENDY TRAVIS, AND HIS CO-WORKER, RALPH RICHARDS, STILL WORKS ON A PROJECT...

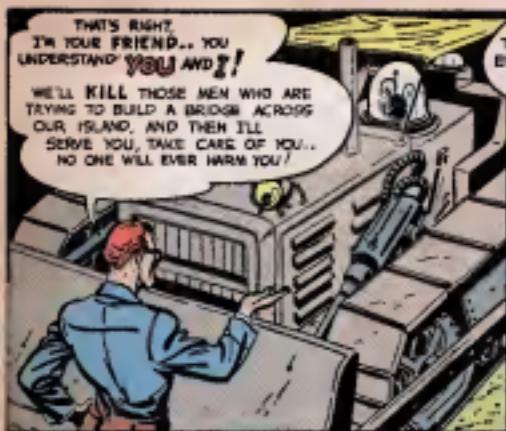


PLEASE, MARK! STOP THIS MADNESS!
IT IS EVIL... DON'T TRY TO MAKE A... SHE'S
THINKING BRAIN FOR THAT... SHE'S
RIGHT, MARK! THIS IS CRAZY!

SHUT UP!! THE BOTH OF YOU! GET UP TO THE
HOUSE, WENDY! YOU'LL LEARN TO OBEY ME!
AND YOU, RICHARDS! YOU'RE JUST MY
ASSISTANT! KEEP YOUR PLACE! MARK!
OR ELSE... GET OUT!

PLEASE, DARLING...
YOU'VE BEEN ACTING SO
STRANGE LATELY... I HARDLY
KNOW WHAT TO THINK! CAN'T
YOU SEE WHAT YOU'RE DOING,
MARK? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO
BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK!
HOW CAN YOU TREAT ME
LIKE THIS?





FIVE MINUTES LATER...



YOU SEE IT? WE'VE LOST IT! IT HASN'T ENOUGH SPEED TO...

OH RALPH... LOOK! THE ROAD ENDS JUST AHEAD! WE'RE TRAPPED!

MAYBE NOT! IF I CAN GET BACK TO THAT TURN BEFORE THE THING... OH-OH! TOO LATE... THERE IT IS! WELL HME TO JUMP, WENDY! CAN YOU...?

OF COURSE I CAN! LET'S GO!

RALPH AND WENDY LEAP FOR THEIR LIVES, AND THEN... THE HEAVY TRUCK SMASHES HEAD-ON INTO THE BULLDOZER!

IT...IT'S INDESTRUCTIBLE! I THOUGHT THE TRUCK MIGHT WRECK IT, BUT...

NEVER MIND! I HAVE AN IDEA!



THANK GOODNESS THEY LEFT THIS THING READY TO START! NOW WE'LL SEE HOW OUR MECHANICAL FRIEND LIKES A TASTE OF ITS OWN MEDICINE!

HURRY, RALPH, IT'S ALMOST HERE!

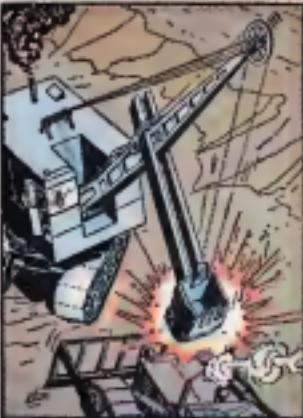
AS THE ANGRY BULLDOZER CHARGES, RALPH WORKS THE CONTROLS AND MEETS THE CHARGE WITH A MIGHTY SWING OF THE BIG SHOVEL, AND THE BATTLE IS ON... A BATTLE OF GIGANTIC, HIGH-POWERED MACHINES!



WITH UNCAUTIOUS INTELLIGENCE, THE BULLDOZER CHARGES...

... FEINTS CLEVERLY...

... AND CHARGES AGAIN AND AGAIN!



IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS! LOOK AT IT SITTING THERE, PLANNING... THINKING!

DON'T FORGET I'M THINKING, TOO! HOLD ON - HERE IT COMES AGAIN!

RALPH! IT'S CAUGHT THE SHOVEL...

AND THE SHOVEL NECK IS BROKEN! WENDY, RUN FOR THE ANCHORAGE! WE'LL BE SAFE ON TOP!



BUT, RALPH, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ANCHORAGE IS A FORTY FOOT PROP TO THE ROCKS AT THE WATER'S EDGE! WELL BE TRAPPED UP HERE!

ONLY SAFE PLACE LEFT! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET AWAY, BUT IT'S A CINCH NO BULLDOZER CAN CLIMB A CEMENT WALL... EVEN A THINKING ONE!



FOR A FEW PRECIOUS MOMENTS, THE TWO REST ATOP THE ANCHORAGE. AND THEN...

RALPH, BARKING CAUGHT UP WITH US, AND... ON RALPH! LOOK!



THAT DEVIL! IT'S PILING UP A RUNWAY OF EARTH, SO THAT IT CAN CLIMB UP TO US! WE MUST BE DREAMING!

I WISH WE WERE! AND WHEN IT GETS HERE, WE HAVE OUR CHOICE ... THE BULLDOZER, OR THE FALL TO THE ROCKS FORTY FEET DOWN!

WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE. IT'S MORNING NOW. THE WORKERS ON THE BRIDGE JOB SHOULD BE HERE SOON, AND... WENDY! I JUST REALIZED A TERRIBLE THING! IF THOSE WORKMEN LAND ON THIS ISLAND WITHOUT KNOWING THAT MONSTER IS LOOSE, IT WILL ATTACK THEM!

OH, RALPH! IT'LL BE MURDER! LOOK -- HERE THEY COME! THE BOATS ARE LEAVING THE SHORE RIGHT NOW!



WE MUST DO SOMETHING BEFORE ... THE POWER LINES! WENDY, LISTEN, I HAVE AN IDEA! IF WE COULD GET HOLD OF THOSE POWER LINES, AND THEN IF I COULD GET DOWN TO THE SHACK WHERE THE MAIN SWITCH IS...

I'LL HELP, RALPH... JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

LUCKY THEY WON'T TURN ON THE POWER TILL THE MEN GET HERE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, WENDY! I'LL SWING DOWN TO THE SHACK ON THE LOOSE END OF THE WIRE. WHEN I YELL, THROW THE PIECE OF CEMENT ACROSS THE BULLDOZER, SO THAT THE WIRE LANDS ON IT!

I WILL! RALPH... I LOVE YOU! BE CAREFUL!



A MOMENT LATER ...

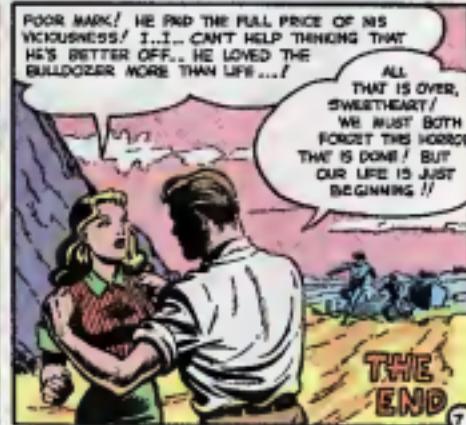
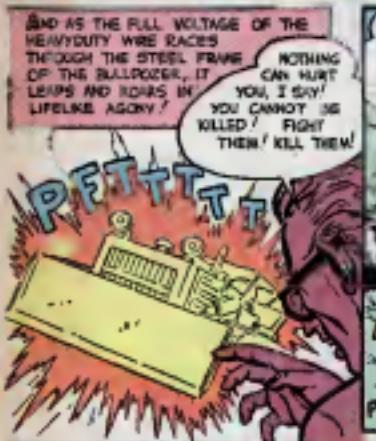
NOW, RALPH! IT'S ALMOST TO THE TOP!

HERE I GO!

HURRY, RALPH! THE BULLDOZER IS COMING DOWN! IT'S COMING AROUND THERE TO GET YOU!

OH-NO-NO! YOU FOOL! YOU CAN'T... ESCAPE!





IF YOU
CAN WHISTLE-
or
HUM A TUNE-

"HOPPY" WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLAY THIS METAL

WM. KRATT HARMONICA

In 15 Minutes — Or Money Back



ONLY
\$1.69

SOLID BRASS PLATES AND BRONZE REEDS

SENT ON SEVEN DAY APPROVAL

Learn to play in a day or it costs you nothing! We make this daring offer to every man or woman, boy or girl who enjoys music and who would like to play the harmonica. Now, for the first time, you can get a nationally advertised, genuine metal professional harmonica, and receive as a gift Hoppy's new method for playing it. Along with the music and the words to 200 of your favorite songs—songs that were selected so that you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio program or records. Expert harmonica players will tell you that the best harmonicas are the easiest ones to play. The harmonica you receive in this amazing offer is the full size metal professional model manufactured by the W.M. KRATT CO., makers of the world's finest harmonicas. It comes in the Key of C so that you can accompany any other music. Each metal reed is individually tuned and tested. You cannot buy a harmonica with finer workmanship, no matter how much you pay. Hoppy's new discovery for showing you how to play makes it as simple as ABC and it's lots of fun. Anyone who can whistle or hum a tune—can learn as quickly that it is unbelievable! Most people say that this amazing method itself is worth the \$1.69 price of the harmonica! Order your harmonica now while this introductory offer is being made. Remember, Hoppy guarantees that you will soon be playing song hits of all kinds or your money back!

IN THIS

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER

You get all this for only \$1.69!

- Nationally Advertised Wm. Kratt Harmonica with Solid Brass Plates and Bronze Reeds
- Hoppy's New Method of Instruction for Harmonica
- Words and Music of 200 Songs Chosen for Radio Popularity

SEND NO MONEY—ORDER TODAY

Just send your name and address on penny postcard. Your beautiful Key of C professional metal harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions and 200 Songs will be mailed at once. On arrival, pay postman just \$1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. Keep for 7 days on free trial offer. If you are not satisfied, return and your money will be refunded at once. Supplies are limited. Don't risk disappointment. Order now—TODAY!

**HOPKINSON CORPORATION, Dept. 145,
1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Illinois**

GOSH, JEAN, THAT'S A SWELL
HARMONICA, AND YOU SURE CAN
PLAY IT. I WISH I COULD!

IT'S EASY TO PLAY, AND YOU
GET THIS FINE, FULL SIZE HARMONICA,
HOPPY'S NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTION
AND WORDS AND MUSIC OF 200 SONGS
— ALL FOR ONLY \$1.69

ONLY \$1.69 FOR
ALL THAT! BOY, I'M
SURE GOING TO SEND
FOR IT RIGHT AWAY!



**HOPKINSON CORPORATION, Dept. 145
1665 MILWAUKEE AVE., CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS**

Send me a genuine Key of C Professional Wm. Kratt Metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions along with the music and words of 200 songs to mail at once. On arrival I will deposit just \$1.69 plus postage. If in 7 days I am not thrilled and delighted I may return purchase for my money back.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SPECIAL...

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

to Readers of Amazing Adventures



Only \$1.98

Your Name
Engraved in
23 Karat Gold
without
Extra Cost

**NEW!
IMPROVED!**

All-in-One Cigarette Lighter and Full-Pack Case gives you a cigarette and a light—BOTH at the same time! Smart, streamlined and modern. This wonderful convenience is compact . . . fits easily in your pocket or purse. No more tobacco crumbs. No more bent or damp cigarettes. Leaves tasting freshness. Deep well lighter holds an amazingly large supply of fluid. Built for lifetime service of beautiful mottled plastic. Only lighter case with hinged lid. Opens with a snap of your finger. Your name engraved on case in 23 Karat gold letters. An ideal gift for men or women. Order Now.

ALL-IN-ONE
CIGARETTE
LIGHTER and
FULL-PACK CASE
Personalized with
Your Name
FOR MEN
AND WOMEN



SEND NO MONEY Use 10 Days At Our Risk

Just mail name and address for free inspection and approval. On arrival deposit \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Use 10 days. If not delighted return for refund of purchase price. (Send cash, H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

EXTRA FOR PROMPT ACTION... If you order now, we will engrave any name in 23 Karat gold without extra cost. Order now for yourself or as a gift for someone else.

H. & S. SALES CO., Dept. 132
1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, IL

Please rush combination cigarette case and lighter. I will pay postage only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival. I may return in 10 days for refund of purchase price if not delighted. (Send cash, H & S Sales Co. pays postage.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

NAME TO BE ENGRAVED _____